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LITERARY YEAR-BOOK, 1905

"The Literary Year-Book" is to the reviewer and the writer what "Whitaker" is to the man in the street, or "Bradshaw" to the traveller."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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Obituary, 1904.
Catalogue Raisonné and Reader's Guide to the Best Books of 1904.
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The Academy and Literature

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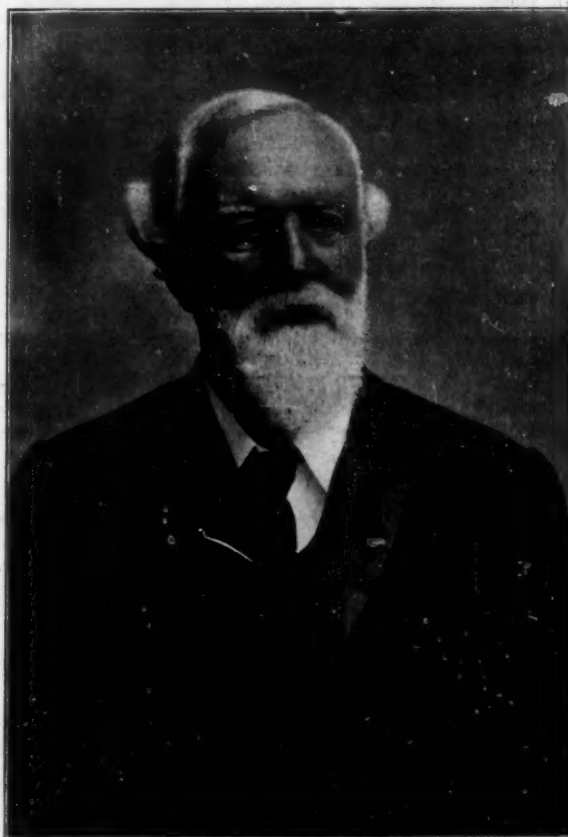
Notes

I SEE from the analytical table of books issued in "The Publishers' Circular" that the number of works published in 1904 was practically the same as in 1903. The chief increase is in works on political and social economy, which, under the influence of the Fiscal Question, have risen to the figure of 775, an advance of more than a hundred and fifty on the previous year. Next come the educational works, which count 836—just less than a hundred more than in 1903. Bibliographical and historical works have also increased by about eighty, so that they now number 153. A similar advance is also to be noticed in the number of books on travel, which, owing to the Tibet Mission and the Russo-Japanese War, amount this year to no less than 289. Poetry and the drama number 407, which is approximately the same as in 1903. It is interesting, however, to observe that though in the previous year belles-lettres, essays and monographs counted no less than 300, they have fallen in 1904 to the low total of 220. Yet this is a tendency which I am glad to welcome, if it denotes, as I hope it does, that a keener struggle for existence is now taking place in the sphere of essays and belles-lettres. It is possible to derive a certain modicum of enjoyment from the perusal of a second- or third-rate novel, but there is small excuse for an essay or monograph unless it be of conspicuous merit.

THE London Institute of Economics and Political Science offers a most attractive syllabus for the Lent term. The lectures cover an extremely wide field, ranging from ethnology and palæography to railway law, banking and sociology. Though it may appear invidious to make distinctions among so many eminent lecturers, I think that the following should prove the most interesting items of an exceptionally interesting course: twenty lectures on Sociology by Professor Westermarck, in continuation of the course begun in the Michaelmas term; two lectures on Japanese Civilisation by Mr. Okakura; eleven lectures by Professor Ashley, on the Political Position of the Great Powers, including the United States, from 1848 to 1871; and the eleven lectures by Mr. Sargent on the Economic Position of the Great Powers, 1848-1871. The interest manifested at Oxford and Cambridge in political economy, political science and sociology is so very slender that it is with unusual pleasure that I welcome so wide and vigorous a programme in London.

WHAT, I wonder, is the real value of punctuation? This question is suggested to me by the publication of "Punctuation Simplified," by Mr. T. Bridges, which gives in concise form all the rules and definitions of the

science. I feel myself that punctuation is only advisable in so far as it is necessary to complete lucidity. With punctuation for punctuation's sake, the pedantic desire



SIR FRANK T. MARZIALS, C.B.

[Photo. Russell & Sons]

for meticulous accuracy, I have small sympathy. Yet in many cases it is interesting to trace the characteristics of the writer emerging in his punctuation; to observe the verve and insistence of the notes of exclamation; the caution and orthodoxy of the commas; or the hurry and unconventionality of that writing which practically dispenses altogether with stops.

THE following extract from an able article on Nietzsche, entitled "La Folie Géniale," in the December

"*Mercur de France*," by M. Paul Bjerre, seems to point palpably at Herr Max Nordau and Signor Lombroso, with special reference to their well-known works "*Degeneration*" and "*The Man of Genius*":

"Combien n'aurait-il pas été préférable qu'on eût réussi d'emblée à trouver le critérium psychologique qui sépare le génie de la folie, qui existe nécessairement, et à défaut de qui toute discussion reste un vagabondage dans les ténèbres.

"Alors, l'humanité n'aurait pas connu le fléau de ces hommes de science modernes qui compilent de détestables journaux d'hôpital au sujet de tous ceux qui ont contribué, en quoi que ce soit, à l'évolution de l'espèce humaine. Aussi longtemps, donc, que ce critérium n'est pas trouvé, le sage devrait s'abstenir de divaguer sur ces questions."

I cannot but feel that the stricture is deserved. "*Degeneration*" is as bad science as it is excellent journalism. Starting from a basis of actual fact Herr Nordau has developed and exaggerated his pet theory to such an extent that he too gives one the impression of being one of those "one-idea" persons whom he has himself so graphically described.

In Nietzsche, moreover, there is the reverse as well as the obverse side of the medal, and, as M. Bjerre points out, his mental malady cuts both ways. It should be regarded, in fact, not so much as a disease which tainted and vitiated his writings, but rather as the price he paid for a marvellous and unique psychic state. This condition raising him beyond the more limited and normal states of the intellect enabled him to write the most brilliant German that has yet been written and to view the problems of humanity with a mind free from those conventional ideas which even the most revolutionary author must otherwise inevitably inherit. To exemplify this point more in detail I quote yet again from M. Bjerre:

"En poursuivant le chemin que le mal a pris dans ses attaques successives et heureuses sur l'esprit de l'infortuné, on trouve qu'il n'a pas seulement laissé ses traces dans de nouveaux symptômes maladiques: en écrasant ce qui était, il ouvrait la voie à des possibilités nouvelles; et où il passait, de nouveaux mondes naissaient. Il faut le dire, jamais Nietzsche n'aurait créé Zarathustra, s'il était resté en santé. C'est qu'à l'instant où le mal le terrassait en tant qu'homme il le rehaussait comme poète et penseur; il anéantissait sa personnalité humaine, mais elle rendait en même temps possible l'accomplissement de l'œuvre de cette personnalité. C'est la connaissance de ceci qui répand une clarté conciliatrice sur toute la tragédie; mais aussi dévoile-t-elle l'extrême tréfonds du drame.

"Pour lui, sa maladie signifiait l'ivresse chronique qui, à la fin des fins, dissolvait toute l'existence. Elle arracha chaque centre d'énergie psychique de la place où la nature l'avait fixé. Elle déplaça les montagnes que, jusqu'alors obstacles infranchissables, avait rencontrées la pensée agressive. Elle déchira les associations d'idées qui par des développements millénaires s'étaient enracinées dans la vie humaine. Et elle ne se contenta point de couper, de fendre, de saper. Elle écrasa tout ce qu'elle rencontrait, et le réduisit en poussière. Elle volatilisa ce qui avait résisté aux flammes les plus chaudes de la pensée."

After all, extremes always touch and the healthy normal man can almost be considered as at any rate negatively insane with regard to his ignorance on those points on which Nietzsche, in spite, or rather because, of his mental state, showed so prodigious a perspicuity.

THE current number of "*The Fortnightly Review*" has a singularly interesting article on Ste-Beuve by Mr.

Francis Gribble. The writer is chiefly concerned with the personality of the great critic. It is a significant fact that Ste-Beuve had originally set his heart upon being a great poet and only drifted into criticism as a *pis-aller*—a truly classic example of Disraeli's epigram. In his private life he exhibited that mixture of sensuality and mysticism so characteristic of many of the great French writers. Not only Ste-Beuve, but Verlaine and, in particular, Baudelaire, show how intimate is the relation in which sex stands to religion. Ste-Beuve, however, posed not only as a Don Juan, but as a "*Man of Sentiment*" into the bargain; and apropos of the ludicrous failure of the "*Livre d'Amour*" I quote the following from Mr. Gribble:

"It certainly did not fail because it was bad prose.

Sainte-Beuve's prose was never bad. On the contrary, it was always very good. But the success of such work as he was attempting depends less upon the quality of the style than upon the quality of the man. The man whose "confessions" are to attract sympathetic attention need not be good, or heroic, or consistent. The case of Rousseau would seem to prove that he need not even have the instincts and habits of a gentleman. But he must at least be interesting. That is where Sainte-Beuve was at a disadvantage as compared with Benjamin Constant and Chateaubriand. If they were indiscreet about their amours, it was at least notorious that they had amours to be indiscreet about, and they were the sort of men by whose commanding personalities tremendous emotions were naturally suggested. The case of Sainte-Beuve was very different. In spite of the ardour of his temperament, he was ugly. In spite of his intellectual acumen, he was insignificant. In the abstract, no doubt, his right to his emotions was recognised; but the concrete expression of them seemed a presumption and an impertinence. No one felt the least curiosity about his sentimental life. There was, if not a tendency to scepticism, at least a disposition to pass by on the other side, saying contemptuously: 'It is only Sainte-Beuve.' Trying to pose, in short, he only succeeded in making himself ridiculous; and De Goncourt accurately summed up the general opinion of this phase of his career when he wrote that 'Sainte-Beuve spent his life in gnashing his teeth in his disgust that he was not a handsome young subaltern of hussars.'

Of Ste-Beuve as a critic Mr. Gribble writes as follows:

"Fundamentally he was a student, avid of knowledge, devoured by curiosity, sane in his judgments, incapable, in literary matters, of bad taste. Though he failed as a professor, first at Lausanne and afterwards at Paris, where the students not only shouted him down, but so intimidated him that, for a period, he never walked abroad without carrying a dagger hidden in his sleeve for his protection against an assault that no one contemplated, he had all the professorial endowment except a ready tongue, a resonant voice and an authoritative presence. It was natural to him to co-ordinate, to classify, to see the particular as a manifestation of the general, to refer to first principles, to discover that the new flowers of literature had their roots in the past. By the exercise of these gifts he found a *raison d'être* for the romanticism of Hugo, and performed a similar service for many other movements in which he interested himself from time to time."

Yet the judgments of this prince of critics were frequently warped by the promptings of an ignoble jealousy, and Mr. Gribble's article strikes me as slightly inadequate in its treatment of so salient and so important a feature in Ste-Beuve's character. His jealousy was not only responsible for his well-known attack upon Chateaubriand, but also for the animus which he exhibited toward Hugo, Lamartine, Vigny, Musset, Balzac and Michelet. It was his jealousy, more-

over, which dictated his exaggerated appreciation of second- and third-rate writers. Not only did their study titillate his own sense of personal superiority, but they formed a useful counterblast to the fame of many of those really first-class artists whom it was Ste-Beuve's joy to pull down from their lofty eminence.

By a stupid blunder Mr. Richard Marsh's "A Spoiler of Men" was printed as "A Spoiler of France" in last week's ACADEMY.

Bibliographical

OF the details of Shakespeare's life we have but the scantiest knowledge; yet there are probably more "Lives" of our national poet than of any other individual—and that, of course, quite apart from special studies of his work. Yet among the first books to be given us by 1905 we are to have a new "Life of Shakespeare," by Dr. William J. Rolfe, while from Professor Walter Raleigh we are to have a volume on Shakespeare in the "English Men of Letters Series." Last year we had the late Charles I. Elton's large volume on "William Shakespeare, his Family and Friends," Mr. Charles Creighton's "Shakespeare's Story of his Life" and Mr. Alfred Ewen's "Miniature Series" volume "Shakespeare." In 1898 we had Mr. Sidney Lee's "A Life of William Shakespeare," and ten years before that a capital translation of Dr. Karl Elze's "William Shakespeare, a Literary Biography" was added to "Bohn's Standard Library." Besides these there are at least a score of biographies of one sort or another. It looks as though the very scantiness of the actual knowledge of facts combined with the extraordinary opulence of his works to make the elusive personality of the poet one of the most fascinating to many writers, for, as one of his biographers said many years ago, "Every life of him must to a certain extent be conjectural."

"A House of Letters" is announced as the title—the quaint, but not, I think, felicitous, title of a volume of correspondence written during the first half of last century. The volume is to give us letters of the Lambs, Southey, Coleridge, as well as of less well-known folk such as Lady Jerminham and Matilda Betham. Matilda Betham wrote poems which won the commendation of her illustrious friends, but are now practically forgotten, except of the curious student; and she also compiled "A Biographical Dictionary of the Celebrated Women of Every Age and Country." She was, apparently, an aunt of "the measureless Bethams" of whom Lamb wrote to Walter Savage Landor on April 9, 1832, and to whom he refers in his "Lepus" essay on "Many Friends" as "Beachams."

I notice that Messrs. Methuen announce for early publication a second volume of Robert Southey's "English Seamen" is not Southey's, it may be mentioned, Hannay, was issued about ten years ago. The title "English Seamen" is not Southey's it may be mentioned, the lives forming part of his five-volume "Lives of the Admirals" (1833-40)—a work which was completed by Robert Bell. It is strange that these "Lives of the Admirals" have not been more often drawn upon for reprinting, seeing the great popularity of Southey's "Life of Nelson," of which upwards of a dozen different editions have been published since 1830, and of which we shall probably see more than one reissue this year, in view of its being the centenary of the Battle of Trafalgar.

Charles Causse, better known by his pen-name of Pierre Maël, whose death is reported from Paris, was one of the most prolific and successful of French-fiction writers of the day. So far as I am aware, only one of his stories has been translated into English, and that was published in 1893 as "Under the Sea to the North Pole." Previously, I fancy, it ran serially through the pages of "Boys," a short-lived periodical for young readers.

A Nathaniel Hawthorne bibliography, by Miss E. Browne, is promised for publication during the spring. This should be welcome; the only Hawthorne bibliography we have of which I know is that prepared by Mr. J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum, as a supplement to Dr. Moncure Conway's life of Hawthorne in the "Great Writers Series."

With the new issue of "The Literary Year-Book" is given, by way of supplement, an "Index of Titles," which, more fully and more carefully compiled, might be a really useful work; but then it would have to outgrow its present bounds. In a few preliminary words we are told that "this Index to Contemporary Literature, which answers the eternal question 'Who wrote so-and-so?' includes every title mentioned in the Author's Directory, the Books of 1904 and the Obituary 1904." If it did this the index would not be as complete as such a work of reference should be to be truly serviceable. If we ask "Who wrote 'The Amazing Verdict'?" the index promptly informs us, and if we ask "Who wrote 'The Adventures of Harry Revel'?" it as readily affords the information; but if we ask "Who wrote 'The Amazing Marriage'?" or "Who wrote 'The Adventures of Harry Richmond'?" it can give us no answer. Yet a list of Mr. Meredith's novels is duly given in the Author's Directory, portion of the work. If we should be in doubt as to the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" or "Under the Greenwood Tree" the index is equally uninforming, though many of Mr. Hardy's books are given in the Directory. Other writers who are treated in the same fashion as Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy in having their books omitted from the index can scarcely grumble at being left out in such great company. It is to be hoped that this feature of "The Literary Year-Book"—the result of a distinctly happy idea—will be more thoroughly looked after in future, for such a work of reference should be not only as accurate but as full as possible.

WALTER JERRÖLD.

Forthcoming Books, &c.

Messrs. Sampson Low announce new editions of Julien's "French at Home" and Miss Alcott's "Rose in Bloom." General Sir William Butler's "Red Cloud"; Mr. Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor"; and Rev. J. Paterson Smyth's "Old Documents."—In connection with the Tercentenary of the first publication of "Don Quixote," Mr. John Lane will issue a new "Life of Cervantes," by Mr. Albert F. Calvert.—Mr. Edward Arnold will publish this month a new collection of essays by Mr. Philip Gibbs, the author of "Knowledge is Power," under the title of "Facts and Ideas: or Short Studies of Life and Literature."—Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor's new book, "Tibet and Nepal," will be published within the next few days as one of Messrs. A. & C. Black's Colour Books.

NOTICE.—The Monthly Competition

closes on Monday next. See p. 40.

1904

THERE are several ways of looking at the books of a given year. We may look at them statistically and hold up the hands of amazement at the sum total. Between eight and nine thousand books were published in 1904—or close upon eight thousand if we exclude the miscellaneous pamphlet literature—and if taking the large issues with the small, the virile with the still-born, we average them as being in editions of a thousand copies we get an enormous number of volumes to be disposed of—if it be only as remainders. The number includes, of course, a goodly proportion of new editions and reissues, and over two thousand five hundred novels or other works of fiction, including books for the young. Another way in which we may look at the books of a given year is from the point of view of popularity, and another is from that of literary value—and these are, it is scarcely necessary to say, often wholly unrelated. Or we may try to pick out the work or works which will represent the year in question to coming generations of readers. The last were the more difficult task. Standing as near as we do we have rather to judge representative books of the year partly by their popularity and partly by the judgment of competent critics upon them as contributions to knowledge and to literature.

To look back over the results of the year's publishing is rather like trying to recall the features of a country through which we have passed. We have a more or less confused impression of the whole with really definite memories of but this or that point. A pessimistic critic might suggest that looking over the books of 1904 was like looking back over the desert, an arid waste for the most part with here and there an oasis that might be a centre of fertility—and might be only a mirage; and the pessimist would be, as pessimists so often are, right to a certain limited extent: Several thousands of new books were published during last year, as has been said, and it is merely a recognition of facts to acknowledge that the great majority of those lacked sufficient vitality to carry them on into another year. Out of those thousands no single reader could of course have handled many hundreds, so as to gain any fair knowledge of them, but it may be confidently stated that there were no sensationally outstanding books; yet when we come to consider the more important of the new works we find several in each department which claim something more than curt dismissal as mere units swallowed up in the thousands.

Each reader will remember two or three books which have for one reason or another especially appealed to him, and if we take those which have appealed to representative men and women we probably narrow the tale of the year's publishing down to its most important minimum, although it is only fair to recognise that such selections generally illustrate the special studies or predilections of the selectors. In recent numbers of this journal several distinguished men and women named the two books of the year which they had read with the greatest interest and pleasure, and in all their returns but three works were mentioned by more than one reader—Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair" by three, Mr. E. V. Lucas' "Highways and Byways in Sussex" by two, and two also mentioned Mr. W. H. Hudson's "The Purple Land," which was not a book of 1904 at all but a re-issue of one already nearly twenty years old.

Among the veteran literary leaders Mr. George Meredith was represented but by an introduction which he contributed to Thackeray's "The Four Georges," Mr. Swinburne published a new volume marked by all his old opulence of language and metre, "A Channel Passage and Other Poems," and Mr. Thomas Hardy gave us something of an impressive tour de force in his "The Dynasts."

BIOGRAPHY

It was in the department of biography, with which we may fairly bracket reminiscences and letters, that the year gave us most that was notable, though here we had no dominant great work such as Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" of the year before. There were quite a large number of works in this class of more than average importance and excellence—though the important and the excellent were not invariably found in combination. Herbert Spencer's "Autobiography," which had been most eagerly looked forward to, was one of the most widely discussed; it could not fail to be interesting, but will hardly take a place among classic works of the kind. On the general reader "The Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," which came at the close of the year, will much longer continue its hold, while Mrs. Creighton's "Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton" must also be counted among the more successful intimate memoirs. Professor Bain's "Autobiography" has made a lasting impression on us. Science, art and the Church—Mr. W. H. Hutton's "Letters of Bishop Stubbs" should also be mentioned—were thus all strongly represented in this department of letters. In law the most memorable volumes were the racy "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (now Lord Brampton)," and the more "stodgy" "Life and Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge," by Mr. Ernest H. Coleridge. A memorable volume of reminiscences—rich in its references to people of note on both sides of the Atlantic—was Dr. Moncure Conway's "Autobiography: Memories and Experiences." Inherently interesting but somewhat clumsily put together was "A Later Pepys" (Sir William Pepys, Bart.), giving much information about "blue stocking" circles of a century or so since; another volume of a similarly mixed character was General Grant Wilson's "Thackeray in the United States"; while permanently interesting additions to epistolary literature were made in "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," in "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family" and in the delightful volume of "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone." But it was not only in big "official" memoirs and new collections of letters that the biographical bookshelves were strengthened last year, there were also some capital books, the result of careful study, and among such perhaps a first place should be given to Miss Mary F. Sandars' "Honoré de Balzac," while Mr. E. I. Carlyle's "William Cobbett" and Mr. Walter Sichel's "Disraeli: a Study in Personality and Ideas" possess value which should make them pass current long after the year which saw their publication. In this connection, too, mention must not be omitted of the new additions to the "English Men of Letters" series—additions which include the late Sir Leslie Stephen's fine monograph on "Leviathan" Hobbes. Among patient compilations which have their lasting usefulness should be mentioned Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of

Edward FitzGerald" and his more valuable collection of the letters of William Cowper.

POETRY AND BELLES-LETTRES

In poetry it must be acknowledged that 1904 had nothing sensational to add to the body of our literature. Mr. Swinburne, as we have said above, published in "A Channel Passage and Other Poems" a volume marked by all his familiar qualities, and he also gave us—long looked for come at last—a collected edition of his poetical works. From Mr. Hardy we had something in the nature of an experiment, an experiment of but doubtful success, in his eccentric "The Dynasts," of which we have said before that it is "a great canvas upon which he seeks to unroll after the fashion of a panorama the whole drama of the Napoleonic wars." From the younger men came little that can be described as anything but a "marking time," and no new poetical planet swam into the ken of those watchers of the literary skies, who are ever on the look-out for the hint of such a galaxy as marked the opening decades of the nineteenth century. Mr. Stephen Phillips' "The Sin of David" may be a good stage play, but it is by no means remarkable as poetry; Mr. Newman Howard's "Savonarola: a City's Tragedy" contains much very fine poetry, and we note that it seems scarcely actable. From Mr. John Davidson we have had another of his searching "Testaments," "The Testament of a Prime Minister." "A. E." in "The Divine Vision and Other Poems," Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in "The Face of the Night," Mr. T. Sturge Moore in "Toleda and Other Odes" and Mr. Alfred Noyes in "Poems," have published work which makes us look forward with anticipatory eagerness to their future books.

In criticism and the belles-lettres again there has been considerable activity, resulting in much that is excellent and but little that will be recognised as remarkable. There has been something of a new awakening of interest in Shakespeareana, and there have been quite a number of additions in this class which are worth recalling and rescuing from among the great mass of the year's books. First comes Professor A. C. Bradley's admirable "Shakespearean Tragedy," lectures on "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear" and "Macbeth," while other books which may range along with it are Mr. Charles Creighton's "Shakespeare's Story of his Life," Mr. J. Churton Collins' "Studies in Shakespeare," the late Charles I. Elton's "William Shakespeare: his Family and Friends," and Dr. Richard Garnett's fanciful "William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poet." A notable volume issued in the early part of the year was the late Sir Leslie Stephen's "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century"—the Ford Lectures, the delivery and the preparation of which for the press by the author were rendered impossible by the breakdown of health which ended in his death. Two further volumes were issued completing the "History of English Literature" by Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse, and there was a further instalment of Professor Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." In Mr. Arthur Symonds' "Studies in Prose and Verse" we had a delightfully individual collection of thoughtful essays; in Mr. W. L. Courtney's "Development of Maurice Maeterlinck" and "The Feminine Note in Fiction" some stimulating and suggestive criticism. Mrs. Craigie's "Letters from a Silent Study," Mr. George A. B. Dewar's "The Glamour of the Earth," Mr. W. J. Court-hope's further volume of his "History of English Poetry," Professor Campbell's "Tragic Drama in the

Greek Poets" and Mr. Charles Whibley's "Literary Portraits" are all memorable, each in its own way.

HISTORY

In the department of history, too, there are many books which appear to possess all the elements of lasting value. First and foremost there were two further volumes of the great "Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton, dealing respectively with the periods of "The Reformation" and "The French Revolution." A less liberal use of the word "modern" marks another history of a very different character, Mr. Herbert Paul's full and readable "History of Modern England," which means for him, roughly speaking, the England of the past half-century or so. Part of the same period, too, was covered in Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years." Dr. J. Holland Rose followed up his now standard Life of the great Napoleon with a volume of "Napoleonic Studies," and Mr. Edmund G. Gardner produced a capital book in "Dukes and Poets in Ferrara," while Mr. Andrew Lang issued the third volume of his "History of Scotland." The great war between Russia and Japan in the Far East, where history is a-making, produced even in its earlier stages a number of tentative histories and other works of topical interest, and mostly of ephemeral value.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

Of travel books each year produces a goodly crop, and of topographical works, too, there is a constant succession and, it might almost be said, constant improvement in the matter and in the manner of their presentation. Among these books one of the best appreciated and, perhaps, if we may venture so near to prophecy, one of those which will longest be read, is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany." Mr. A. H. Savage-Landor issued a fresh account of his wanderings under the title of "Gems of the East"; Major A. St. H. Gibbons gave a detailed and interesting record of a journey through "Africa from South to North"; and Dr. Sven Hedin added to his other fascinating volumes an account of "Adventures in Tibet." Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, turning from East to West, published a work on "Greater America"; Mr. E. G. Gardner contributed a capital volume on "Siena" to the "Mediaeval Towns Series"; and, to come to our own country, Mr. E. V. Lucas published his pleasant account of wanderings about "Highways and Byways in Sussex," to the success of which reference was made in our opening paragraphs. The late Sir Walter Besant's "London in the Time of the Tudors" is an attractive miscellany of information, which increases our gratitude to the late novelist for his devotion to the London cult. A new manifestation of topographical literature—the large volume liberally illustrated with coloured pictures—was greatly strengthened during the past year: Holland, Edinburgh, Oxford, Rome, Paris, Naples, London and the Channel Islands were among the places which had new volumes of this character devoted to them.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE

When we come to the departments of science and philosophy it is a little difficult for a mere layman in these matters to pick out the most important books from a year's publishing, though on looking back over 1904 certain volumes are remembered as having something more than temporary importance, something more than a merely specialised interest. In philosophy, after the autobiographies of Herbert Spencer and Professor Bain, both of which have been referred to above, perhaps most

readers would pick out Professor Caird's "Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers" and Mr. R. B. Haldane's "The Pathway to Reality" as among the most notable; and in science we chiefly remember the translation by Professor J. A. Thompson of August Weissmann's "The Evolution Theory," the opening volume of Mr. J. G. Millais' magnificent work on "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," Mr. Havelock Ellis' "The Study of British Genius," and Dr. C. W. Saleeby's "The Cycle of Life according to Modern Science."

FICTION

In the class of fiction—numerically and popularly the most important of the sections into which the year's publishing is divisible—we have again to record great activity in the matter of production. As has been said above, there were over two thousand five hundred works of fiction (including new editions and books for juveniles) published during the past year—or about seven for each day in the year, holidays and Sundays not excepted. Such a total includes, of course, a vast amount of rubbish which should never have been published; and, being published, serves no good purpose beyond keeping a certain number of printers, paper-makers, binders (and reviewers) at the work to which they owe their daily bread. But if among our thousands are many works of fiction of worse than indifferent quality, there is, as one who has to read much fiction is compelled to acknowledge, a distinct advance going on in the average of excellence. A reviewer who receives in these days a batch of half a dozen novels can generally count upon half or two-thirds of the number being marked by some distinctively good qualities. If there be on the whole an improvement in the matter of workmanship, there is also, as we realise on looking back over the year, an absence of any signal achievement; there is no book standing out as "the novel of 1904." The year has shown, too, further developments in the production of fiction which may be looked upon as natural consequences on the passing a few years since of the "three-decker." One such development is that of the rate of production of stories by individual novelists; where writers used to produce a novel in about two years, many of them turn out two, three, four and even more in a single year. From one who must indeed be afflicted with the pen of a ready writer we can recall at least half a dozen new books during the past twelve months! Another feature of modern fiction, brought home to us by a consideration of last year's output, is the number of novelists who have established themselves in the public favour as purveyors of fiction. These writers may owe their popularity to the most divergent qualities—even to the most divergent sections of the public; but whatever their varying values may be in literary quality, they have something which commands attention. Out of the writers who contributed to the heavy total of works of fiction there are probably

fifty who may be said to have a definite standing in the public regard. The year saw new volumes from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Rider Haggard (two), Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. W. E. Norris (two), Mr. S. R. Crockett (two), John Oliver Hobbes, Katharine Tynan (three), Mrs. Campbell Praed, Miss Braddon, Sydney C. Grier, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Quiller-Couch (two), Mr. Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. H. G. Wells, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Guy Boothby, Mr. Le Queux, Mr. Max Pemberton (two) and Mr. Marriott Watson (two). Each of these was represented in the year's output of fiction, and each of these may be said, in the cant phrase of the day, to "have a public." Nor is the list by any means exhaustive. Then, too, there were posthumous works of George Gissing, H. S. Merriman, Maclaren Cobban and B. L. Farjeon. Despite the fact that we had novels from all these and more established favourites, as well as from a host of fresh candidates for the novelist's laurels or popularity, it is not possible to pick out any specially dominating novel from the crowd. The writers named gave, for the most part, such stories as they have accustomed us to, but did not touch any new heights. The late Mr. George Gissing's "Veranilda," it is true, contrasted strongly with his earlier work; and although some readers thought it his finest achievement, the opinion was by no means general. Mr. Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah" was perhaps one of the most memorable of the year's novels and Miss Elizabeth Robins' "The Magnetic North"—a remarkably virile piece of work—was another; while others that stand out in memory somewhat above the rest are Mr. Conrad's "Nostromo" and Mr. Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair." Among writers who followed up initial successes were Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston and Mr. Vincent Brown; but good as are "John Chilcote, M.P." and "The Dark Ship," they have not altogether satisfied the anticipations raised by "The Circle" and "A Magdalen's Husband."

NEW EDITIONS

Although in a hurried survey of some of the more notable of the books of the year we are chiefly concerned with the new, a word should perhaps be said for the reissues of the old; and here 1904 gave us much that is admirable, including the first portions of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of "Walpole's Letters," of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Diary of Mme. d'Arblay," of Mr. A. H. Bullen's "Works of Beaumont and Fletcher," of a new "Hakluyt's Voyages" and of a new "Library Edition" of the works of Thomas Carlyle; it gave us the collected poems of Mr. Swinburne and of Christina Rossetti, the completion of Messrs. Waller and Glover's "Hazlitt's Works," and of the newly arranged "England's Garner," further portions of the fine "Library Edition" of Ruskin's works and the reissue of Canon Ainger's "Letters of Charles Lamb."

Reviews

THE EXPANSION OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES

Vol. I. By Adolph Harnack. Translated and edited by James Moffatt, D.D. Theological Translation Library, Vol. XIX. (Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.)

NOTES ON POPULAR RATIONALISM

By Canon H. Hensley Henson, B.D. (Isbister, 3s. 6d.)

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS

By Joseph Parker, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

SERMONS ADDRESSED TO INDIVIDUALS

By R. J. Campbell, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

EXPOSITIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE—THE BOOK OF GENESIS

By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. BONIFACE

By James M. Williamson, M.D. (Frowde, 5s.)

PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

With Notes and Introduction by the Rev. H. Higgins and Preface by Augustine Birrell. (Elliot Stock, 5s. net.)

THE consignments of the theological publishers are an ever-recurring reminder of the fact that, in an admirable sense, this is a country of free thought. Moreover, these consignments furnish testimony to the interest taken by learned and half-learned alike in the discussion of subjects that group themselves in critical, exegetical and ascetical knots about the central facts of spiritual experience. It would be difficult to say whether to the majority of readers the first of the present group of books would appeal as apologetic or subversive. Certainly by the apologists of Christianity, as a supernatural revelation, the very fact that, fighting as it would seem against heavy odds, it conquered the world, has been cited as irrefragable evidence of its divine origin. And, indeed, they are well within their right in demanding of those who would place the Christian religion on a level, so far as its authority is concerned, with such forms of thought as have grown out of man's native religious sense, as a natural product of natural causes, an answer to it. Such an answer, in this volume, Dr. Harnack endeavours to furnish. He begins by frankly setting aside, as worthless, the received legends of the apostolic mission, and steadily presupposes, as he says, the results gained by critical investigation of the sources. The literary sources, fragmentary as they are, are more copious than those available for reconstituting the history of any other religion known within the Roman Empire; and Harnack claims for them that they actually suffice for a coherent sketch of the mission and expansion of Christianity, and thus enable us to understand why and how the victory was won. Briefly, the solution is to be found in the syncretistic character of Christianity—the religion that mastered and appropriated to its own ends every force and every relation in its environment. The ground was fertilised for it by its rivals. It laughed at the barriers of nationality; it embodied all popular elements save one, privative in its essence, namely, the nationalism of the Jews. Such, according to Harnack, are the reasons for the triumph of Christianity in the first ages; and these he elaborates with the wealth of illustration and the abundance of particular knowledge which we expect of his vast learning. But they will not suffice for its future. Its future depends on its capacity "to strip off once more any collective syncretism and unite itself to fresh coefficients." Dr. Moffatt's translation is excellent.

That any mind should be so limited as to suppose that by any, even an infinite, science of the processes of nature it is possible to advance to a science of the first cause is almost incredible. But if, or since, it is necessary to point out the impassable limits of natural science, it is well that it should be so well and clearly done as by Canon Hensley Henson in his "Notes on Popular Rationalism." There can be no doubt that at the present day religion is sorely hampered by the mythical cosmogony which, even to the days of our grandfathers' childhood, it knew no better than to present to the world as primitive history. The popular mind, suddenly aware of the unhistoric character of Genesis, is apt to jump in its clumsy way to wildly impossible conclusions, while it disregards as the mere evasions of interested persons the warnings (which, in fact, are to be found implicit in the writings of the great scientists from Darwin downwards) addressed to them by religion's

apologists. What may be the good motives of the persons who are at pains to place such books as "The Riddle of the Universe" in the hands of the vulgar we find it impossible to imagine; but we are glad to recognise that a serious effort is now being made in more directions than one to counterbalance the mischief, and we welcome Canon Henson's book accordingly.

Our list comprises books by the late pastor of the City Temple and his successor. Both of them are highly characteristic. Dr. Parker's book on the Epistle to the Ephesians is the output of a vigorous and original mind. Its scholarship is naïve enough, but whatever Dr. Parker knew, he knew to some purpose. You may open it where you will and always you will find something to arrest attention. For "We are his workmanship" (we have reopened the book strictly at random) he suggests: "We are God's poems." "He makes us now in this measure now in that measure," he meditates; "now sublime, now more friendly and approachable, but always pregnant with thought and love and music and mercy." A good thought. And in the midst of most serious and tender utterances crops out that irresponsible humour that was famous. Who else in the world would have thought of remarking that Moses did not meet the burning bush by appointment? Dr. Campbell's collection of sermons is the outcome of his experiences in the confessional. Each of them is addressed to some conscience that has sought his direction. He is very unlike Dr. Parker in his methods. Certainly he is not humorous. But he is probably a man of more humane culture; he has wide sympathies and real insight into worldly souls, a feeling for the right word and a vein of poetry. "The Death-Song of Jesus" is a meditation on the final episode of the Last Supper that no one who heard it would be likely wholly to forget. And it was delivered, one can verily believe, by one who (to quote a phrase), looking into the face of that congregation, was conscious of a deep respect for the souls that looked back at the preacher out of its eyes. That is the temperament of the right preacher.

Dr. Maclaren's "Expositions" are of another type; they are fashioned on the model of an earlier day. They are ponderous and, it must be confessed, not a little dull. You might chance to hear, we suppose, in the humblest of conventicles, a discourse on the tragedy of man's first disobedience that should move you more, despite even more dubious grammar, than such an utterance as this: "There is no harm in it" steals into some young man's or woman's mind about things that were forbidden at home, and they are half conquered before they know they have been attacked." So very true; but, at the same time, how unrefreshing.

Dr. Williamson gives us, in a sufficiently readable and popular manner, the life of the Englishman who, in the turmoil of the eighth century, was raised by fortune and his own merits to the primacy of the Church in Germany. The book is adorned with illustrations of his tomb and memorials at Mayence and at the monastery of Fulda, built by him, which was destined also to be the resting-place of his body, and in after ages to become a place of pilgrimage. His career is a remarkable evidence of the close intercommunion between distant lands which, in a primitive age, the missionary spirit contrived; and it is good that, even now, his faded memory should be thus sympathetically revived among his countrymen. For to them his name has long been, for the most part, but a meaningless word in the calendar. He lived the life of an apostle, and died, among the heathen Frisians, the death of a martyr. No memorial of him exists in his English birthplace,

but that at Fulda his memory is still green is testified by a fine statue erected in the last century.

"In these Prayers and Meditations" of Dr. Johnson, writes Mr. Birrell in his short preface, "the reader is admitted, let him not abuse his opportunity, into the innermost sanctuary of a soul." The warning is not superfluous; it would be easy to smile at these reiterated solemn resolutions to get up early in the morning and these recurring confessions of failure. But to Carlyle, Samuel Johnson "in the era of Voltaire purifying and fortifying his soul, and holding real communion with the Highest, was a thing to be looked at with pity, admiration and awe." It is with some such sentiment that we also for our part read these gloomy, mystic, yet obstinately rational and sober, outpourings of a great and troubled spirit. Thanks are due to the publishers for the suitable dignity of the printed page.

MY LITERARY LIFE

By Madame Edmond Adam (Juliette Lamber). (T. Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the second portion of the memoirs of a woman who perhaps beyond all others has kept alive the Gallic tradition of spirituality, wit and culture, and has transmitted to our days not a little of the keen literary atmosphere of Paris during the Empire. Madame Adam had exceptional opportunities of meeting practically all the interesting folk, political, literary, musical and artistic, from the sixties to the present day; and, being gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory and a quite exceptional skill in reproducing actual conversations, she has given us in this most interesting book lifelike sketches of extremely fascinating personalities.

We meet here with George Sand, Edmond About, Gustave Flaubert, Jules Simon, Prosper Mérimée, Ste-Beuve, Béranger, Gounod, Liszt and, above all others, that wonderful woman Madame d'Agoult, who, more than any one else, helped to shape and form the at first somewhat hazy ideas of the writer of these memoirs. With an artistic cunning which is as rare as it is admirable, Madame Adam has fashioned her recollections into a form which has all the fascination of a novel combined with the alluring veracity of a series of pictures of real men and women. Her own life-story, romantic enough in itself, is subordinated to the relation of the life-stories of those about her who helped to make the history—political, social and artistic—of the time. As a result the most brilliant epoch of Parisian intellectual activity is described from the inside with tact and discretion, and moreover with a literary ability which is as charming as it is unique.

Madame Adam's introduction to Meyerbeer; her impressions of Wagner when he first dawned on Paris; her remarks about Madame d'Agoult's daughters Cosima and Blandine, who married respectively Hans von Bülow and Emile Ollivier; her confirmation of the generally understood report that Gounod sold "Faust" to Chondans for ten thousand francs; her comparison between Berlioz and Wagner: "The only revenge that Berlioz took of his non-success was to make the Parisians admire the old masters such as Gluck, from whose genius he drew his inspiration, whereas Wagner, amid his greatest triumphs, was jealous of the smallest success of others"—all these and a thousand other touches of actuality go to make up an entirely delightful record of real men and women, told, too, with that inimitable charm which would seem to be denied to all save to the most cultured of Frenchwomen.

The story of the founding of Madame Adam's celebrated salon, which for many years was such an im-

portant factor in French politics and literature, especially the latter, concludes with Daniel Stern's (Madame D'Agoult) remark: "My dream for you, little Juliette, is that you should have a salon, quite small, very select, with the traditions of mine," and there follow a dozen succinct suggestions as to how a salon should be founded and worthily maintained.

Altogether this is a most delightful, inspiring and informative book, worth all the recent volumes of memoirs put together; the translation is quite excellent; in fact, it does not read like a translation at all.

FRANK SCHLOESSER.

THE ART OF THE LOUVRE

By Mary Knight Potter. (Bell. 6s. net.)

No one of the great collections of pictures in the capitals of Europe has had a more chequered life-story than that of the Louvre, which, after weathering many storms, escaped as by a miracle from destruction, when the Palace of the Tuileries was burnt by the Commune in 1871. Founded as long ago as the time of François I., though the actual date of its origin is unknown, the building containing so many priceless heirlooms has from first to last shared the vicissitudes of Paris; and in spite of all the changes that have taken place in its appearance under different *régimes*, it still remains one of the most important examples of French Renaissance architecture that have been preserved.

Although the title of Miss Potter's new work is somewhat misleading, for she deals in it only with the oil paintings in the Louvre, her book is complete so far as it goes, and will be found useful not only by the visitors to the famous galleries, but also by all students of art history, as she fully makes good her claim that "the Louvre is the first museum of the world, possessing an unrivalled collection of representative and noble works of almost all great painters of all time," though she admits that other collections may own individual treasures more valuable than any there. She prefaces her examination of the various schools represented by an interesting summary of the history of the Louvre itself and of the gradual acquisition of its unique series of pictures, whilst into her account of them she has woven all the most recently acquired information concerning the lives of their authors. Avoiding as far as possible the expression of personal opinion on disputed points, this conscientious author enables her readers to compare for themselves the criticisms of acknowledged experts by quoting, without comment, their actual words, but at the same time she has not refrained from allowing her own special predilections for this or that master to give colour and individuality to her work. It is easy, for instance, to recognise how great is her love for Fra Angelico, the painter-monk whose works, she says, are the veritable prayers of his devout spirit; and she betrays with delightful *naïveté* the fact that she does not really endorse the adulation of Botticelli that is now the fashion. To her the much exploited master is a bit of a *poseur*, and she finds in the majority of his pictures "a certain sort of artificiality—a fascinating, sensuous, appealing artificiality, doubtless, she adds, but the forced unreal note is nevertheless nearly always there." For Luini, too, Miss Potter has a great affection; his sweetness, she says, is "never cloying, for it is backed up by vigorous if smooth modelling, by judicious colour, by skilful lighting"; and her remarks on Andrea del Sarto are full of true recognition of his peculiar excellences. Perhaps one of the best chapters in the book, however, is that on the Dutch masters, whose technical

excellences are well defined, whilst their wonderful humour is evidently keenly appreciated. The concluding chapters on the French schools dealing with the wonderfully complete collections in the Salle des Etats and in the recently opened Thomy-Thiery rooms give completeness to a work representing a very considerable amount of research and that is thoroughly up-to-date. The numerous illustrations are well reproduced and fairly representative as a whole, but it seems a pity that the far from pleasing example of Ter Borch was not replaced by the more characteristic "Music Lesson." Another slight drawback is Miss Potter's habit of cutting short the names of artists. To speak as she does of "Champaigne" and "Veronese" is, to say the least, undignified, and there is something almost comic in her remark that the Louvre has twenty Champaignes, and in her assertion that "Champaigne Poussinized his own religious pictures."

NANCY BELL.

THE RAT

By G. M. A. Hewett.

E DOG

By G. E. Mitton. (Black, 6s. each.)

It is well known that comparisons are odious, yet such is the depraved bent of our mind that we sigh for the pen of Ernest Seton-Thompson or Richard Jefferies in reading these books. We do not mean that they are not well done, but that they might have been so much better. The book on the rat is the better of the two. It does give us a glimpse into the ways of rat-land, its manners and peculiarities. The book on the dog deals too much with one particular dog and his fortunes, and might almost pass as an entirely fictional tale. The human element is bound to enter more strongly in the autobiography of a dog than in that of a rat; but surely it would have been possible to shed more side-lights on the dog's nature and habits, as well as to record the particular sensations and supposed comings and goings of a particular dog. Judged by his frontispiece portrait he was a very delightful dog indeed, and the reader soon feels an interest in him and his fortunes; but is this the aim of the series? The little sketch of Miss Louisa Sykes, the London slavey who was Louie in the morning when about her work and Miss Sykes in the afternoon when she was dressed, is amusing enough, but is it not matter in the wrong place? The coloured illustrations to both books are good, more particularly those of Stephen Baghot de la Bere, who, we think, deserves mention on the title-page.

Short Notices

THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE, 1854-1904:

Records of its History and its Work, by Members of the College. Edited by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies. (Macmillan, 4s. net.) It is impossible to ignore the Working Men's College as an important factor in the sociological evolution of the past half-century, and as this year celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation it is only fit and proper that the five still living founders should collaborate (with others) in this little memorial volume, tracing the history and development of the College. The Editor writes on F. D. Maurice, to whom, as is well known, the inception of the work was due. Messrs. J. M. Ludlow, J. Westlake, Lowes Dickinson, J. P. Elmslie, F. J. Furnivall, J. Roebuck, J. A. Forster, C. P. Lucas, Lord Avebury, A. V. Dicey (Principal), and L. Jacob (Vice-Principal) contribute interesting chapters illustrating the progress, the influence, and the early troubles of an institution which from small and tentative beginnings has now assumed its proper place as a model institution of its kind, with a history of difficulties overcome and prejudices over-

borne which entitle it to something more than common consideration. The value of the book is enhanced by some excellent portraits; but it lacks an index.

AMERICA.

By John Kelly. ("Round the World." Jack, 1s. 6d.) Schoolmasters all over the country will welcome this very handy and concise little text-book. Children will find it attractive and be led to take a greater interest in their geography lessons. It has numerous illustrations, diagrams and maps. Some of the coloured pictures are perhaps over-brilliant and too wonderful, as, for example, the picture of the Rockies. Certainly it is a marvellous region, but hardly so startling as this would lead a child to suppose. This, however, is a very small and harmless grumble at what is a trustworthy and handy book.

DICTIONARY OF BATTLES.

By T. B. Harbottle. (Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.) This volume constitutes the latest addition to Sonnenschein's excellent series of dictionaries of quotations. It contains a short summary of every battle of importance that has been fought in the history of the world "from the earliest date down to the present time." Its modernity, may be gauged from the fact that it possesses descriptions of many of the important battles of the Russo-Japanese War that took place early last year. Indeed, on the whole, the more modern battles are more efficiently dealt with than the ancient, and we look in vain for any mention of the wars of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians and Israelites. With this exception the book is adequate. The battles are alphabetically arranged, though by a slight error the battle of Wargao is inserted in the wrong place. The index is excellent.

Reprints and New Editions

A new reprint or, rather, edition of Coleridge's poems is the event of the week. It deserves a warm welcome, coming as it does under such able editorship as Mr. William Knight's and in such a tasteful and artistic garb (Thin Paper Classics, Newnes, 3s. 6d.). This series is doing noteworthy work, and often before have I had occasion to praise it. Mr. Knight, in a singularly modest preface, leaves it for future editors and critics to decide whether the emendation of text, punctuation, &c., that he gives is the best for posterity. It seems to me that Mr. Knight has done an excellent piece of work, and I feel certain many will agree with me. The book contains all the poems and dramatic work published by Coleridge during his lifetime. Those poems which appeared for the first time in Mr. Dykes Campbell's edition remain the copyright of the Coleridge family. Coleridge's own notes, printed in his lifetime, are given, as well as a few by the editor. As regards the dates when many of the poems were written, Mr. Knight finds that "Coleridge's own statements as to the date of the composition of his verses—especially his juvenile ones—are not always trustworthy. He erred in this respect more than Wordsworth did. His memory often failed him, and in writing familiar letters he sometimes gave a date at random, assigning a different one in corresponding with different people."—Three remarkably cheap volumes published this week are THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Routledge, 1s. 6d. each net). They each contain a frontispiece portrait, and give us no mean selections from each poet's work. Indeed, it is marvellous value for the money. The volumes commence with George Crabbe, who is represented by such poems as "The Village," "The Hall of Justice," "The Parish Register," and "The Borough." A concise introduction prefaces each poet, so that the student of these three volumes may well claim a nodding acquaintance with the poets of the nineteenth century. Shall we have so many poets and so fine a collection of poems when the toll of the twentieth century shall be taken?—A small but admirably printed volume is sent me by Mr. Froude—Mrs. Browning's CASA GUIDI WINDOWS AND OTHER POEMS (Oxford Miniature Poets, Froude, and 3s. 6d.). The poems are printed on Oxford India paper,

and a frontispiece portrait of the author is given. —Pepysians who are renewing their acquaintance with the *DIARY* in Messrs. Bell's reprint will be glad to hear that volumes three and four are now ready (5s. net each). In looking through the volumes, reading here and there a paragraph, one cannot but marvel anew at the extraordinary minuteness of the record. I have already expressed my admiration of this admirable edition, which indeed can never be bettered. —Another addition to the Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books—*THE ADVENTURES OF A POST CAPTAIN*, by a Naval Officer (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net). The long inscription to the British Navy, it may be remembered, runs as follows: "May no Neglect mildew its Energies! May no Mishap dim the lustre of its Fame! Swift as the Gales which impel and firm as the Rocks which shelter it may its Glory and its History go hand in hand to remotest Times, the Terror of the Enemies and the Admiration of the Children of the Favoured Isle which gave it existence." The plates are very quaint and amusing; one picture, representing a seething bright green sea with a boatful of sailors in peacock-blue uniforms and tall hats, each rowing for his life, is well worth seeing. The poetry is of no very high order—

"Poor Mizen, though no melting lubber,
Spite of himself began to blubber,
And whimpered out his honest wishes
That Bowsprit yet might cheat the fishes."

—A pleasant little reprint is *WUTHERING HEIGHTS* (New Century Library, Nelson, 2s., 2s. 6d. and 3s. net). It also contains *AGNES GREY* and various poems by the Brontë sisters. A neat and workmanlike series. Those who have purchased the previous Brontë volumes have now a very presentable collection.—Fenimore Cooper's *THE PATH-FINDER*, with Brock's illustrations, has been sent me by Messrs. Macmillan (2s. net). It was indeed no light task "to introduce the same characters in four separate works and to maintain the peculiarities that are indispensable to identity," but Fenimore Cooper did it successfully, as all boys will testify. The fashion for underrating this writer's gifts is now happily becoming old-fashioned.—*WESTWARD HO!* again is reprinted by the same publishers, at the same price. —I was interested to receive a letter recently from a ten-year-old correspondent anent my remarks on Kingsley's "Water Babies," in which she assured me that my lack of appreciation is not shared by at least twenty-two little girls in Edinburgh, who "like the 'Water Babies' very much." After all, the best critic of children's books is the child himself, and very often the story that most delights the "grown-up" falls flat upon his ears. It is especially so, I think, with humorous books: the sense of humour is different in a critic of mature years from what it is in one of ten. The spirit of adventure, very rampant indeed in extreme youth, often lies dormant yet unchanged in the adult breast, but we outgrow the childish joke and marvel at it from afar. How very few of us can really keep in touch with the child mind.

F. T.-S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Spurgeon, C. H., *Sermons* (Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit), Vol. L. (Passmore & Alabaster), 7/0.
Thomas, W. R. G., *The Catholic Faith* (Hodder & Stoughton), 1/0 and 2/0 net.
Davidson, the Rev. J., *St. Peter and his Training* (Dent), 0/9 net.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Cecil, E. H. D., *The Historical Tragedy of Nero* (Kegan Paul), 3/6 net.
MacSweeney, P. M. (edited and translated), *Martial Career of Conghal O'Muirghneach* (Irish Texts Society: Nutt), 10/6 net.
Japp, Dr. A. H., *Robert Louis Stevenson* (Laurie), 6/0 net.
Squire, C., *The Mythology of the British Islands: an introduction to Celtic Myth, Legend, Poetry, and Romance* (Blackie), 12/6 net.
Scott, Mary, *A Robin's Song and Other Verses* (Constable), 2/6 net.

History and Biography

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My Book of Memory

A good friend has written, asking me various questions concerning my ideal of a book-room. For an ordinary man such as myself a library, either in the sense of a large number of books or of a room devoted entirely to them, is unfortunately a dream which can never be fulfilled. I am compelled to be content with a very modest collection of volumes and to bestow these upon shelves wherever I can find room for such accommodation. And I take it that this is the lot of the average book-lover. I am asked, do I love "a large or small room, morning or afternoon sun, or a clear north light?" To most of which my replies must perforce be unsatisfactory. Whether my book-room be large or small, alas! is not with me a matter of choice; it must be small; in fact, it is my sitting-room, the room in which I live when not abed, and there I like to have around me the friends who make life worth the living. But there is not space for all of them in this room, so some unfortunates are banished to outer passages and others reside in my dressing-room, receiving at least a friendly nod of a morning and at night. My personal taste shudders at a room built for books; books belong to the daily life and should grow up around one, just as should all the household gods—pictures, furniture, small treasures of every kind. It is for this reason that I have never felt quite at home in any of the new public libraries which it has been my chance to visit; they are so spick, span and business-like; they are warehouses for the storage of books, not homes. A friend once said to me that he would not mind being burnt out, for that then he would be able to purchase everything anew, books and all. The idea made me shiver, for I knew how unhappy I should be if by any ill fortune my books were to be destroyed. Had I the wealth of Croesus I could not replace them. I have picked them up by ones, by twos, by threes; I have slowly gathered my friends around me, and in exchange for them I would not accept a blank cheque which would bring me twice the number of books that I now own. No; I do not want a book-room, but I do desire to have books in each of my rooms and many in that one which I mostly use. As for light, what care I from what point of the compass it may come so long that there be sufficient by which to read? And living in London, East and West do not, at any rate in the winter months, make much of a difference; we so seldom see the sun's jolly red face; his light is filtered through mists and grey clouds.

Then "do I favour open shelves or glass doors?" The last I abominate. A cupboard for books is a prison-house, a musty, fusty cell in which I should be ashamed to lock up my good comrades, as if I were ashamed to have them hear all I said of them or as if they were mere curios that I kept because they were rare. As for the dust, if I am worthy of my books, little dust will accumulate upon their heads; if I am unworthy, keeping them fast shut in a glass house will not remedy matters. No, the open shelf for me! Then, "do I like my room away from wife, children and servants?" All that I ask for is that it shall be away from those who love not my books as dearly as I do myself, away from all the merely curious, away from such as do not treat books with reverence and respect! Many are there who do not. No more than myself should my books be hidden away from those I love and trust. Then, "Do I like a coal fire or a gas fire?" The question hurts me to the soul; a gas fire in the same room as my loved

volumes, to crack their backs and dry the blood out of them! No, *never!* Rather would I shiver in their midst than so insult them. For lights, candles of wax if one can afford them, set in silver candlesticks; no other illumination is so kindly and so mellow. The next best I hold is the electric light; it is clean and convenient and has a certain sunshininess in it. Indeed, I know a man who, upon dull mornings when the skies frown, turns on the electric light, breakfasts beneath it and swears that it is as good to him as sunshine. But he may be jesting.

After all said, is not the housing of our books a matter of personal taste, qualified by the power or impotence of our purses? You may like this and I that method; and there an end, there can be no ground for quarrel and little for debate. As I have said, I like my various bookcases—no two alike—not so much for any value or beauty they may have, but because I have acquired them one by one as my need called for them, and because they are old cronies. I sometimes fancy that they love the books they hold as much as I do myself, and that sometimes I cause a pang of regret when I move a volume from one bookcase to another.

Yet, dreamer that I am, I have an ideal, one with the great merit that an ideal it must always be. I have dreamed that by some good fortune I have gone to live at Oxford, and that there—overlooking an ancient college garden which shall be nameless—I am living in an ancient house, unspoiled by the hands of any vandal decorator. There, in a long, low room, with uneven floor, wainscoted walls, beamed ceiling and open hearth, I chiefly pass my days; the polished floor is relieved by a few thick rugs; the furniture is of old-time fashion, substantial, shapely, comfortable; round the whole room run low bookcases, some four feet high, upon the shelves of which rest my old familiar friends; there is a lattice window with deep window-seat, red curtains and pots of flowers. What a cosy room; cool and shady in the summer days, warm and shadowy of winter nights. Could the soul of bookman ask for more? But the days of fairies who grant to us our dearest wishes seem to be gone, and this wish of mine must, I fear, remain for ever unfulfilled. Such a room does not appeal to you? Well, it is not yours, or, if it be, prithee exchange it for mine own. But though you like not my chamber, you would be welcome in it, an you be a true bookman, one who loves books, not merely reads them. And therein you and I would sit, discussing our friends and, maybe, a glass or two of sound Oxford port. Wine; some day a connoisseur will write for us a learned and delightful treatise upon wine and books; for of a surety there be certain liquors which should be drunk when reading certain books, as, for example, canary sack with Master Shakespeare; a glass of cyder—though cyder be no wine—with the Reverend Mr. Herrick; a bottle of port with Mr. Henry Fielding; (a dish of tea with Dr. J. . . .); Bordeaux with Mr. Sheridan; a glass of sherry with Miss Jane Austen; a bottle of Rhenish with Mr. Thackeray; and a bottle of ale—or should it be a brimmer of toddy!—with Mr. Dickens. But, here I go; I set out to write of realities and I prose of dreams: of the housing of books and I chatter about the drinking of wine. Verily I am a vagabondish-minded fellow, and I love rambling.

E. G. O.

American Copyright Reform

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN has initiated a timely discussion upon the reform of American Copyright in the columns of "The Standard."

The support he has received from such well-known people as Lord Avebury, Mr. Hall Caine, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. John Murray, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Rowland Prothero and many others is enough to prove the lively interest which the question excites in its present somewhat peculiar phase. It may be frankly stated that there is nothing very alarming about the projected amendment of the American law, giving, as it will, if and when it becomes law, writers in a foreign tongue a year's grace in which to have their works translated into English and to protect their copyright. The truth is that the American Copyright Act—which, with all its imperfections, has conferred very solid benefits upon a large number of British authors—has remained a dead letter so far as foreign writers are concerned. The obligation to print and publish simultaneously with the country of origin has proved prohibitive in an immense number of cases, while in others it has only been discharged at the cost of enormous delay and practical inconvenience. The suggested amendment, which came over in draft form in January 1904, will be nothing but a tardy act of justice if, which seems unfortunately to be extremely doubtful, it becomes law. The Platt Bill of 1902, upon which it is founded, was shelved.

As regards English writers it seems wise to consider, before we advocate retaliation, whether the half loaf they now possess is not better than no bread at all. It is now perfectly possible to obtain a good American copyright, provided the work in question is simultaneously published with the English edition from type set within the United States. Now simultaneity is not an American invention. It is a cardinal principle of English law that prior publication outside of the countries within the Berne Convention is fatal to the acquisition of a sound English copyright. If, therefore, we wish to attack the principle of simultaneity, we must first amend our own law and give to America the same close time we demand for ourselves. It would enormously strengthen our case if we came with open hands and said: "We will give you a month, or six months, or twelve months, if you will reciprocate this civility." This would be far better than to attempt to bring about a change by "calling names."

The manufacturing clause is, no doubt, annoying, but it arises out of tariff policy, and not merely from the "cussedness" of the Typographical Union. During a visit to the United States, when I saw several of the many earnest and high-minded American copyright reformers, who set an example we should do well to emulate, nothing impressed me so much as the utter hopelessness of attacking a principle which would raise far wider issues than are apparent on the surface. I do not believe that any American authors or publishers would object to the immediate repeal of the clause, but I am confident that no movement for its rescission is likely to receive much support either in the House of Representatives or the Senate. The Dayton Bill of 1901, which rescinded it, met with a short shrift. Considered as a part of the domestic law of the United States, is it *prima facie* an act of iniquity to grant American copyright only upon condition of

paying a printer's bill by way of entrance fee? And can we fairly call a people who impose the condition "thieves"? There is, however, a hardship which presses severely upon the large class of writers to whom American copyright is prohibitive. An import duty of 25 per cent. *ad valorem* is charged on all English-printed books. Mr. Douglas Sladen has made a legitimate point in advocating retaliatory duties, and this impost might be usefully borne in mind if and when the question of a duty on foreign manufactured goods comes within the range of practical politics. If it be impracticable to establish an English manufacturing clause it would be a perfectly fair rejoinder to the American Tariff to impose analogous duties. This would to some extent, moreover, obviate the danger of the manufacture of works of international importance passing into American hands, while it would further lead to the much more general importation of "plates" instead of "sheets," and so throw a considerable amount of machining into the English market, to the advantage of English printers, paper-makers and even book-binders. The Presidential Proclamation, under which our admission to the benefits of American copyright rests, is based upon the principle of reciprocity. It may be questioned whether a reactionary policy is likely to command wide support outside of the literary profession. Whether the competition of books *inter se* is so real a grievance as to be demonstrably tangible is an open question. But the spirit with which Parliament has always regarded literary property is wholly antagonistic to any protection of the profession at the expense of the public. Agitation is much more likely to be productive of definite result if we begin at home and press the reform of domestic copyright upon Parliament so that we may have something more satisfactory to offer "strangers within our gates." It will be time enough then to talk of revising our International bargains.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

The Internationals

THE catalogue of the Internationals has for its text the splendid untruth, "Art is the Science of the Beautiful"—WHISTLER; but it may be shrewdly suspected that "Art is the Science of the Beautiful—WHISTLER" is as Whistler would have had it printed—largely indeed what he believed. At least, if this catchpenny were sufficient to inspire Whistler to his master-work, then the catchpenny was worth the coining. Still, it is to be hoped for the sake of Art that the members of the Society will make themselves neither the slavish idolaters of Whistler's splendid genius nor of his most questionable laws upon Art. However, on entering the rooms of this winter's exhibition one finds much that treats of things that are anything but beautiful, though art is achieved thereby—wherefore the catchpenny is but the big dog's bark after all. What the Internationals *would* do well to remember, however, is that whilst Art is neither a Science

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W. Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

nor the Beautiful, yet the means whereby Art is uttered—that is to say, Craftsmanship—is to a certain extent Science, though to a greater extent Skill, and must be Beautiful. Now this is a very different thing. One of the finest paintings on those walls to-day is that of a little street corner—"Café at Dieppe," by Mr. William Nicholson. There is nothing vastly beautiful in this coffee-house at Dieppe, but there is much that is vastly interesting about it. What William Nicholson has found interesting about it he has stated with such beauty of utterance that he has made us feel his personal emotion in relation to it so that it holds us with the charm of a palace, with the charm of an enchanted house out of the "Arabian Nights." The exquisite beauty of his colour, of his arrangement, indeed, of all he says, draws us to this street corner until he rouses in us the reality of the fascination of the place. It seems to hold the very atmosphere of France. There is not one meretricious stroke or touch on the canvas from end to end. It is a perfect piece of painting; but it is far more than that—it is the placing of the sensation aroused in him by the place into our own experience so that we love that corner house as he loves it, see it as he sees it. Let us turn to another fine piece of painting—a study of flowers, by Mr. Arthur Chaplin, entitled "A Bouquet"—a piece of work in which the sheer technical achievement is as high as that of the great Dutchmen who painted immortal flower-pieces. Indeed, the mastery of painting throughout these galleries, like the high excellence of technical achievement on every hand in art as in literature to-day, is as pronounced as is the strangely disturbing sense that it is not producing very great Art. The emotions are being planed down to a modest level, and the resulting lack of majesty and dignity, the lack of the great sensations that stir within us and increase our experience of life, is becoming as obvious a lack in the art of colour as in the art of literature. It is a disturbing fact—it is a fact due in great measure to the desire to excel in sheer craft alone—it is a state of affairs largely due to the dread of "story" or mere subject, which of course has also nothing to do with the emotions as such. In the statement I have made as to William Nicholson's work it may be said that it acclaims him a genius. Certainly. He is nothing less. And his brother Beggarstaff, Mr. Pryde, has genius, as his painting here proves. And it is in the full recognition of all their exquisite gifts and in these very rooms that I have been led to this train of thought, not unmingled with regret, that Art is being largely lost at the cost of a marvellous gain in craftsmanship. Take the work of another man of genius, the wood-engraver Timothy Cole—and what superb work it is!—you will find in those small wood-blocks of his from the masterpieces of the giants, Turner and Constable and Wilson, a majesty and a largeness of vision, an epic daring and a dramatic magnificence that resound in one's senses, crying out to us in their dignity and their greatness, even as translated through this man's genius in a space little more than the size of the hand, the emotions felt by these great masters were large and splendid emotions—they saw Nature with the great seeing eye; they were unafraid; they faced the vastness of the firmament, the breathless drop of the abyss, the rush and tumult of water and the vast stillnesses with fearless eyes and with hands undaunted, and they set these majestic sensations down reckless of criticism and the squabbles of the schools and the "isms" of fashion. One man may have had this technical leaning, another man that, but they knew and recognised that these things were craftsmanship, tricks of thumb. The great

thing was Art, the emotional statement, so that when we stand before the work of their hands we are swept away first by the power of the statement and not by the perfection of the grammar in which they uttered that statement.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR,—I quite concur in all your correspondent A. R. Bayley says anent an Elizabethan playhouse. It is said of those of to-day that they eagerly pursue all enterprises likely to yield high profits. Now what greater gain to our youth could be devised than connecting their intelligences by pleasurable associations with the mind of Shakespeare? It is true every curriculum, from the university to the board school, includes study of his works, but how few comparatively of our scholars ever see a play acted! It is as though we trained a nation to witness plum puddings in the making but never allowed them to be tasted! A country lad in Shakespeare's time had opportunity of seeing histories and mysteries played. Such must almost have formed part of the school year. We still enter the very hall under the Stratford Grammar School where Shakespeare as a lad must have witnessed these performances. With what zest must his creative mind have flown to Holinshed and Plutarch after forming one of the audience and experiencing the thrilling domination of the drama! Perhaps he borrowed these books from his master and devoured them under a mulberry tree, as Walter Scott drank in the Percy Reliques under an Oriental plane in a quaint formal garden. Chief among the objections to the drama for youth is the expense and dissipation of time in "getting up" theatricals. Now it surely should be a national concern that we had an Elizabethan theatre here in London, in which performances could be given at trifling cost, both by daylight and at night, to which our scholars had easy access. It might almost be prophesied that by this means alone the prosperity of our Empire might be centupled in a decade.—Yours, &c.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S SISTER.

The Art of Watts

SIR,—It is matter for regret that Mr. Macfall did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the Academy exhibition to pass in review the achievement of the artist. Permit me a tilt with him in regard to one statement contained in his article. "Watts," he writes, "began with the Greek ideal that Art is Beauty—an absolutely pagan idea." Now why absolutely pagan? It is an irrefragable truth which did it obtain with the Greeks obtains none the less to-day with the true artist, painter, or musician—and must obtain with him ever. Mr. Macfall seems to presuppose that beauty is of the eye; whereas it is of the mind. Pictures such as, say, Millet's incomparable "The Pig-killers" and "Man with the Hoe" are none the less beautiful that they are rugged presentments of things of which the world, with its so very pathetic hypersensitiveness, much prefers to remain uncognisant. Truth has often a rude, almost brutal way of declaring itself, but so a picture be true it is beautiful, and therefore art is beauty, though admittedly mere physiognomical beauty should there be flaws in its possessor is not necessarily of art so far as by art is understood the perfect. Wherefore, why the pother?

Had Watts prevailed more in the councils of the Academy, we might have been spared the national humiliation consequent on the maladministration of the Chantrey Bequest. His, truly, was a magnificent life. Beset in middle age by physical ills, he yet, on the borderland of ninety, passed to his rest—a fighter to the last—leaving an enduring monument in "Physical Energy." Watts recognised and lamented the paucity of British artists: "the power and solid magnificence of British enterprise are almost entirely without corresponding expression in English art"; was untiring in his encouragement of the talented unknown; and

by his work—work which has risen triumphant from the morass of fatuous superlatives—has done much to atone for the deficiency. The present exhibition, *me judice*, is but a poor tribute to a departed genius. Its comprehensiveness doubtless appeals strongly to the maw of the dear, obtuse British public, but the massing of pictures without regard to merit is to a lover of art "a thing imagination boggles at." It is murder—is only comparable with the Academy's jaundiced treatment of Whistler. If we needs must have everything—good, bad and indifferent—surely some taste, some discrimination might have been exercised; or, if not exercised, at least essayed. Is it really necessary for such a body as the Academy to leap straight to the large bosom of the public? If it is, was there any earthly reason—other than the apathy of those responsible for the direction—why the finest of Watts' pictures, such as "Aurora" and the "Jacob and Esau," should not have been grouped in one gallery and those of lesser merit relegated to the others? As things stand the superlative and the negligible are hung cheek by jowl, and the inferior derogate almost inestimably from the worth of such as are good but not, in many cases, comparable with the greatest. Such paintings as could not claim inclusion in the gallery representing the artist's highest achievement need not have been indiscriminately huddled together like the books on a second-hand bookseller's shelves, but might well have been so arranged (without particular regard to date) as to illustrate different phases of, and influences on, Watts' career.

One cannot deny that the exhibition reflects great credit on those upon whom the work of collection devolved. There are many pictures which have been hitherto almost unknown to the world at large, and one in particular, which I, at least, have never before seen, is an exquisite portrait executed with the craftsman's sheer joy in craftsmanship—the "Countess of Lytton." Presumably the magnificent "Alfred Inciting his Subjects to Prevent the Landing of the Danes" was not available; or in a hurried survey I did not notice it.

Could not Mr. Macfall devote a few articles to a review of the art of Watts? Critically executed, they should form $\psi\chi\eta\varsigma$ *larphion*—Yours, &c.

NORMAN BENNETT.

The Arch-Diarist

SIR,—If a small "Ego" may aspire to break a lance with your great Cham, I would point out that Samuel Pepys lived in an age of corruption, and that his "Diary" was prepared as a personal exculpation, founded on his own sense of fiscal morality. Further, that it was intended for perusal; all his surroundings were familiar with his system of shorthand, and that, for intentional obscurity, certain equivocal passages were written in Greek, Latin, or Spanish. This further precaution implies expected perusal. His love of pleasure is transparent; his powers of exacerbation involved cruelty, shown in his use of rod and lash—so brutal as to induce Mrs. Pepys to pinch his nose with a red-hot pair of tongs! His love of money peeps out in the transport of his guineas from town to Huntingdonshire, and their burial in a back-garden, while his anxiety as to exposure and loss is shown in the recounting. His dealings with his kind relative and patron, the Earl of Sandwich, are very compromising; Pepys enjoyed a lucrative office as stop-gap for another, under contract to refund, yet he paid over the proceeds as loans, and claimed repayment as for a debt.—Yours, &c.

A. HALL.

Omar-el Khayyám

SIR,—The novel spelling of this poet's name in your current issue attracted my attention to Mr. Shirázi's explanation of it, which I cannot think quite satisfactory. It is certainly improbable that Omar (more correctly 'Omar, since a consonant unknown to our language precedes the "O"—uttered by constricting the glottis) was himself a tent-maker, although so named, especially as he was a Persian, and his name (probably also his descent) Arabian. One might as well expect all British subjects of the name of Shumacher to be makers of shoes, when it does not even follow that such English names as Baker, Fisher, or Cart-

wright convey such an idea, though very likely their respective ancestors were engaged in those trades. There is therefore not the slightest necessity to tack on an "i" or "y," which would turn the noun into an adjective and simply imply, as Mr. Shirázi's own name—if it is his—does, that he or his ancestors were only connected with a certain craft or place of residence. Indeed, in the absence of a known tribe surnamed Khayyám, there is no ground for such a supposition, and the poet's name has been too long accepted as we know it in his own land to propose amendments.—Yours, &c.

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

Monthly Prize Competition

REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR THIRD COMPETITION

JAPAN, AN ATTEMPT AT INTERPRETATION. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

NOTICE.

Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than January 16, Monday next.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the bookseller where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winner outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions

LITERATURE.

* **DICKENS' MRS. RUDGE.**—In his novel of "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens frequently speaks of Mrs. Rudge as "the widow," when really she is not a widow, a fact one sees after having finished reading the book. Was this an oversight on Dickens' part, or did he knowingly perpetrate a literary falsehood for the sake of keeping up an illusion?—*A. W. Bain* (Edinburgh).

* **COMMANDER OF TWENTY LEGIONS.**—"The ancient philosopher declined a dispute with the emperor who commanded twenty legions." Who was this "ancient philosopher," and what were the circumstances of the dispute?—*A. W. Bain* (Edinburgh).

* **ROBINSON CRUSOE.**—"I remember reading in the 'Academy Questions and Answers' that Defoe did not write the first part of 'Robinson Crusoe.' Can any one tell me what authority there is for this statement and give me full particulars?"—*Arthur D. Calman* (Malta).

* **AUTHOR WANTED.**—Attached to Burne-Jones's picture "Green Summer" are the lines:

There is sweet music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.

In what poem of what poet do they occur?—*H.E.A.*

* **REFERENCE WANTED.** for the following lines, supposed to be Browning's:

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain and wholly well for you,
Make the low nature better by your throes,
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above.

—*T.F.J.* (Greenock).

GENERAL.

* **TURKEY TRIAL.**—Can any one tell me what is meant by a "Turkey Trial"?—*B.B.* (Sheffield).

* **WHOLE BAG OF TRICKS.**—What is the origin of this expression? Did it arise from familiarity with the feats of a conjurer?—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

* **"ORDER REIGNS AT WARSAW."**—What was the historical occasion on which this despatch—which has become proverbial—was sent?—*H.E.A.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

* **SHAKESPEARE AS SCHOOLMASTER.**—It is not certain, though probable, that Shakespeare was educated at the ancient Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon. That he acted there, for a time, as an assistant master, before leaving his native town for London, is a mere rumour, though it is, quite possibly, founded on fact. The poet certainly displays a close acquaintance with the chief school books of his period.—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

* **SIR FOR REVEREND.**—The title Sir was given to Bachelors of Arts at the Universities as a translation of the word *Domini*, but was usually attached to the surnames and not to the Christian names. It was also given to such of the inferior clergy as were only readers of the service and were not admitted to be preachers. A thirteenth century tombstone is said to have had the following inscription:

Sire Ricard le Petit, Jadis
Personne de ceste yglise ci gist;
Receyve la Alme Jesu Christ.—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

* **DUCDAME.**—Thomas Doucedame, about 1327-8, was plaintiff as to land in the Isle of Sheppey, Kent; so the word "Ducedame" seems Anglo-French for "sweet lady." She might be the *goose girl* of fable; socially a female *herd* or "dey," who, as mother goose called her flock "into a circle"; "you goose" is a polite form for "fool." Melancholy Jacques was not ill-informed, and Shakespeare was quite as clever as Dickens in "picking up" names.—*A. Hall*.

* **"DUCDAME."**—This is probably a corruption of a Gaelic phrase meaning "this ground is mine," used as a challenge in some old British game like "Tom Tiddler's Ground," in which a boy would take up his position on a hill and dare his comrades to drive him from it. "This old British phrase" (says Dr. Mackay) "continued to be used in England by children and illiterate people long after the British language had given way to the Saxon English, and was repeated by boys and girls in the game now called 'Tom Tiddler's Ground' so lately as forty years ago, when I myself heard it used by children on the Links of Leith and the Inches of my native city of Perth." In time the real meaning and correct form of the original Gaelic would be lost, and "ducdame, ducedame," seems to have been used as the burden of a song. Thus in a MS. of "Piers the Ploughman" Halliwell found the phrase "dusadam-me-me" in a passage where the best texts have the song-burden "Hou, trolly, lolly"; and "dusadam-me-me" certainly looks like a variation of "ducdame." This explanation of the expression "ducdame" as originally connected with a game gives a key to Jacques' otherwise quite unintelligible words, an "invocation, to call fools into a circle." All the old theories—such as *duc ad me* ("bring him to me"), *huc ad me*—may be dismissed. But the explanation that Jacques pronounces "ducdame" as if it were "duc damné" is ingenious. It is quite likely that he uses this old song-burden "ducdame" with a quibbling reference to "duc damné," the thought in his mind being "a plague on the Duke for bringing us all here." But if he does hint at "duc damné" he is careful not to say so.—*Winifred Annie Horwood* (Brockley).

* **DUCDAME.**—I take the following from Dr. Sigeron's "Bards of the Gael and Gail": "At the time of Shakespeare's writing there was an Irish ballad current. Evin Cavanagh, the secret love of a forbidden suitor, was about to be married. Her lover, disguised as a harper, came to her mansion, and with impassioned song besought her to come with him. 'Dincatu' is the phonetic form of the question 'Wilt thou come?' Her reply is 'Tucame,' which she repeats. 'I will come.' Here we have the invitation, and the answer a verse to this note. It is not Greek; but being Irish it is as unintelligible to Amiens."—*Edward Quinn*.

* **DUCDAME.**—This is neither Greek nor Latin, but pure gibberish, invented by Jacques to parody Amiens' song, and passed off on him as Greek—a thing Jacques would be very likely to do. Invented words were not uncommon in Elizabethan verse—and acted as choruses or burdens to songs. It belongs probably to the same order of words as the "Hey, ninny nonny," or "With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino," of other Shakespearean songs.—*K.K.* (Belfast).

* **DUCDAME.**—The word is an intentional piece of nonsense on the part of Jacques. His line

is meant to reproduce the rhythm of the line in the preceding song:

Come hither, come hither, come hither
Hammer gave the "duc ad me" interpretation; others have read "huc

ad me." The word may be an ancient scribble of Celtic origin. Halliwell notes that "dusadam-me-me" occurs in a MS. of "Piers Plowman," where ordinary texts read "How, trolly, lolly." It is, perhaps, a survival of some British game like "Tom Tiddler," and is said to mean in Gaelic "this land is mine." At any rate it served "to call fools into a circle."—*A.R.B.*

LITERATURE.

* **"THE FATAL FLOWER BESIDE THE RILL."**—This occurs in Jean Ingelow's "Persephony." The authoress has introduced this flower into the story. As given by Ovid in "De raptu Proserpinæ" the maidens strayed gathering various flowers, "Hic legit citharus; hinc aut violaria curat," but Miss Ingelow makes a particularly beautiful daffodil, "one of rarer growth than orchis or anemone," attract her heroine and make her stray to the fated spot where the coal-black horses rise.—*William Rauby* (Coventry).

[Reply also from *H.M.W.* (Manchester).]

* **AUTHOR FOUND.**—The lines occurring in Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" are wrongly quoted—altered, probably, to suit the text. They are from Tennyson's "May Queen, Conclusion," and run as follows:

The trees began to whisper and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

—*K.K.* (Belfast).

[Similar replies from *J.B.* and *H.B.F.* (Hastings).]

GENERAL.

* **BOHEMIAN.**—Trench ("On the Study of Words") suggests that a wandering tribe was first mistaken for an expelled tribe of Hussites from Bohemia, and hence the epithet as applied to any nomadic strangers, just as "Gypsies" appears to imply that Egypt was the origin of the "wanderers." In the case of "Bohemian" the mistake is not so inappropriate when the etymological meaning of the word is known (Old High German *heim* and *Boii*, the home of the Boii), and any individual in search of a home comes to be a Bohemian, and going further, *Bohemia* has come to represent the home of the artist—the wandering soul! [Compare this idea of "wandering" in the German *Zigeuner*, Hungarian *Tsigane*, and Spanish *Zingari*.]—*Maz Judge*.

* **BOHEMIAN.**—Since their first appearance in the fifteenth century the gipsies have been called Bohemians by the French, because they were thought to come from Bohemia, or possibly entered the West through that country. The word later was applied to vagabonds or adventurers in general, and in this sense was introduced by Thackeray into English in "Vanity Fair" (lxiv.).—*A.R.B.*

[Similar replies from *D.M.* (Bexley Heath) and *H.H.*]

* **BEAN FEAST.**—Compare "bonum festum" in some Latin, so under corruption by similarity of sound; but taken literally it is a banquet on "beans and bacon." Fairlop Fair originated in the annual distribution of sacks of beans for a public feast, about 1750.—*Old Hand*.

* **BEANFEAST.**—This is an annual dinner, given by employers to their work-people. The derivation of the word seems uncertain. One explanation is that beans or a bean-goose appeared as a prominent dish on such occasions. Others derive it from the Middle English word "Bens" (=prayer or request), from the custom of soliciting subscriptions at these festivals.—*Percy Selver*.

* **"GREAT SCOTT."**—Surely the connection of this with Gen. Wingfield Scott, mentioned by your correspondent last week (it is given by Barrère and Leland), is doubtful—probably a mere *Folk-etymology*, or story invented to account for a word not otherwise understood. Mr. Baron Russell's "Current Americanisms" (London, circa 1880) merely defines it as a "Euphemistic oath of no great force and very uncertain origin." He must have been acquainted with the Wingfield Scott story, and (as he is elsewhere very hospitable to fancy derivations) must have had reasons for rejecting this one; but it is odd that he did not record the fairly obvious corruption of Ger. "grüss Gott."—*N.D.* (Cambridge).

* **PORT ARTHUR.**—This name was given about fifty years ago to commemorate Lieutenant Arthur of H.M.S. "Algerine," son of the Rev. James Arthur, rector of Atherington, in Devon. The flagship "Actæon" being disabled, Lieutenant Arthur towed her into an unnamed harbour, which was afterwards called after him.—*B.F.*

* **PORT ARTHUR.**—The Chinese and Japanese call this place *Lü-shun-kou*; this is the modern orthography. Morrison would have written it *Leu-shun-kow*. The Russians call it *Port-Arthur*; it is always printed with a hyphen, and declined as if it were a single word, genitive *Port-Artura*, instrumental *Port-Arturum*, etc. The Russians got this name from the English. We named it from Captain Arthur, who commanded one of H.M. ships on the China station when the coast-line of Manchuria and Korea was being surveyed.—*James Platt, Junior*.

* **PORT ARTHUR** received its name from Commander (afterwards Rear-Admiral) William Arthur, who was surveying there in H.M.S. "Algerine" in 1860. He was a Devonshire man, born July 4, 1830; served with distinction in the Maori, Kafir, Crimean, and Chinese wars; naval attaché at Washington, 1873-82; C.B. and Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria; died at Egham, November 16, 1886, aged 56. For a detailed list of his services, honours, etc., see "Overland Mail" for November 19, 1886, page 37, and other service papers of that date. A portrait of him appears in the "Sphere" for November 19, 1904.—*H.E.A.*

[Replies also from *A.R.B.* (Malvern) and *H.H.*]

* **TELL THAT TO THE MARINER.**—This expression, surely, originates with Jack Tar, and embodies their contempt for the supposed credulity of the marines as "Land lubbers."—*D.M.*

* **NOTE.**—Several correspondents, again, fail to comply with the rules. *D.K.C.* (Glasgow), for instance, does not give name and address on each slip. *M.S.* (Holland Park) asks a question (Ranaway's Eyes) which was answered in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE of February 27 and May 14 last. Other correspondents appear to look upon these columns as a fit channel for questions which almost savour of the kindergarten, and could be answered by reference to any library. "Who were Diogenes and his Aspasia?" "What do £ and D stand for as denoting pounds and pence?" "What does piling Pelion on Ossa mean?" These are only a few examples of the kind of question which is not admissible.

* **PRIZES.**—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 45 George Street, Edinburgh.
Mr. James H. Bartley, 83 Junction Road, N. London.
Messrs. Woods & Co., Royal Library, Malvern.
Mr. Joseph Sims, 13 Station Parade, Willesden Green.